

*Parish of Simonds, Sept. 2d, 1851.*

I think there is no part of husbandry in this Province that requires the farmer's attention more than saving and making Manure; yet there is no part of husbandry so much neglected, which is much to be regretted, for, with manure the farmer can do every thing—without it, he can do nothing. The Flemish farmers, who, it is acknowledged by a great many, are the most industrious people in the world, call manure the God of Husbandry. But, Sir, if you have travelled over as much of this County as I have, you have seen that very little other manure is made than that made in the barnyard, although it abounds with all sorts of material for making compost, and every facility for increasing the manure heaps.

Six years ago, when I joined your Society, I was as deficient in these arts as any man, but I soon found that I must increase my manure heap, or that I could not go on farming on the rotation system. The first increase I made to my manure heap was with bog earth, and I follow the practice up to the present time, as I find it the best article for all purposes of making manure that I can discover, without paying out money. I sent you a statement of my mode of making compost of bog earth three years ago, which you published in the *St. John Courier*, and I will now acquaint you with the method I follow at present.

I have the bog earth raised one year before being mixed with any thing, as muck is so long excluded from the atmosphere and sun that it requires a year's frost and sun and air to absorb the sour water properly out of it, to make room for the rich liquids it is to receive in tanks and elsewhere. I keep my cows in the barn at night, and place dry muck behind them to absorb the liquid manure. The cow stable is cleaned out every morning, and the manure is mixed once a week with one load of rich earth to three of manure. Clay loam is the best, if it can be got, to mix as compost, as there is a retainer in clay that other earths are not possessed of. In addition to this, I have in rear of my dwelling house a tank sunk that holds thirty common cart loads of dry muck; this tank is fourteen feet long, seven feet wide, and six feet deep; it is made of three-inch plank, with hackmatack posts, and is properly caulked and payed to hold water. When this tank is filled with the dry muck, there are conductors that convey all the slops from the kitchen into it, as well as all the chamber lye and the soap suds from an outside kitchen; the hearth ashes are likewise put into it in a dry state. In about a month, when the tank gets pretty well filled up with the liquid, it gets into an acid state, and in a few days will ripen and be ready for removal, which is easily known by a disagreeable odour and an increase of yellow flies. In the spring and fall of the year it requires five or six weeks to ripen, as the weather is not so hot. To prevent surface water getting in, the tank has a covering, which is easily removed when required. I can make at least one hundred cart loads of good powerful manure by this tank in a year. I have the manure removed to a large shed at the end of my cow stable, the bottom of which is in the shape of an amphitheatre, from which no liquid can escape. I add one load of earth to three loads of tank manure, which, in the fall of the year, will cover the floor of the shed about four feet deep. The manure from the cow stable is thrown on the top of this through the winter, and spread evenly over it. The roof of the manure shed is constructed so as to admit the rain freely, which washes down the liquid into the compost; but the sun and wind are excluded.

I have a piece of ground, about a quarter of an acre, which was so poor that it would give nothing but weeds. In May last I ploughed and harrowed it, and then put on six